

The Spartans

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Summary: Hey this is my first story, so please bare with me. I am learning as I go... Disclaimer: I own all these characters they are original, everything else belongs to 343 industries and I am not attempting to copyright them in anyway, hope y'all enjoy

The Spartans

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The bright, hot sun beamed down on the large canyon, dust devils blowing up every five seconds. The U.N.S.C flag was blowing in the wind on the flag pole, located in the middle of the base. Loud clanking could be heard as the mechanics fixed up the wart-hogs and scorpions.

Spartan 626 was sitting at the sniper ranger, he was in the prone position, his dark jet black armor with metallic silver stripe down the center of his helmet. The sun reflected of his Cyan blue visor as he stared down the scope of his gun. The n25-R sniper rifle was a high powered, 50 caliber. Rifle, with a range up to a mile and half. His finger rested on the trigger as he locked on to a particular target, it was 850 yards away, easy for six-two-six to hit.

His shoulder armor rose up and down as he tried to relax into a comfortable, yet sturdy position. Finally he had it, he inhaled deeply, then let out a soft exhale and lightly pulled the trigger. "Bang"! The guns muzzle shook as a bullet tore through the air, after four seconds a light ping was heard. He had hit his target, he nodded in approval at his amazing shot.

Spartan 732 walked into the range having just watched Spartan 626 fire his impressive shot. "Nice shot six two six." He said and went over to him and crouched beside him, he picked up the shell and it melted some of his thick heat resistant glove. He dropped it "Untraceable." He muttered and watched the bullet casing melt into

the sand. "Alright Sgt. ,Commander wants to see the team ASAP." He said and stood up and walked off.

626 nodded and clicked the safety of his gun on, then stood up to a crouched position and picked up his rifle and put it on the sniper hatches on his back which locked it into place. He turned and exited the range looking back at the shot he just fired.

Spartan 031 was outside the command center, he had a cigarette in his mouth, he smirked as he saw 732 and 626 come out of the range. He took it out and exhaled smoke "It's about f***** time." He said and threw it on the ground and stepped on it his metal boot clanking. He opened the door and looked at 123, god she was gorgeous.

All the Spartans walked down the hallway, they were all 6'9, all except 626, he was 7'4 and weighted 321 pounds. He was the brute strength of the group. 732 was the leader, 032 was the assault force, and 123 was intel. Together they made up team Fox-Traught, of Delta, Base.

End
file.